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Miscellany.

FROM THE LONDON MAGAZINE.

THE ROSE IN JANUARY—A GERMAN TALE.

Introduction.—I had the good fortune to become acquainted in his old age with the celebrated Wieland, and to be often admitted to his table. It was there that, animated by a flask of Rhenish, he loved to recount the anecdotes of his youth, and with a gaiety and naïveté which rendered them extremely interesting. His age—his learning—his celebrity—no longer threw us to a distance, and we laughed with him as joyously as he himself laughed in relating the little adventure which I now attempt to relate. It had a chief influence on his life, and it was that which he was fondest of retracing, and retraced with most poignancy. I can well remember his very words; but there are still wanting the expression of his fine countenance—his hair white as snow, gracefully curling round his head—his blue eyes, somewhat faded by years, yet still announcing his genius and depth of thought; his brow touched with the lines of reflection, but open, elevated, and of a distinguished character; his smile full of benevolence and candour. “I was handsome enough,” he used sometimes to say to us—and no one who looked at him could doubt it; “but I was not amiable, for a *savant* rarely is,” he would add laughingly, and this every one doubted; so to prove it, he recounted the little history that follows.

“I was not quite thirty,” said he to us, “when I obtained the chair of philosophical professor in this college in the most flattering manner: I need not tell you that my *amour propre* was gratified by a distinction rare enough at my age. I cer-

tainly had worked for it formerly ; but at the moment it came to me, another species of philosophy occupied me much more deeply, and I would have given more to know what passed in one heart, than to have had power to analyze those of all mankind. I was passionately in love; and you all know, I hope, that when love takes possession of a young head, adieu to every thing else; there is no room for any other thought. My table was covered with folios of all colours, quires of paper of all sizes, journals of all species, catalogues of books, in short, of all that one finds on a professor's table: but of the whole circle of science I had for some time studied only the article *Rose*, whether in the Encyclopedia, the botanical books, or all the gardener's calendars that I could meet with: you shall learn presently what led me to this study, and why it was that my window was always open, even during the coldest days. All this was connected with the passion by which I was possessed, and which was become my sole and continual thought. I could not well say at this moment how my lectures and courses got on, but this I know, that more than once I have said 'Amelia,' instead of 'philosophy.'

"It was the name of my beauty—in fact, of the beauty of the University, Mademoiselle de Belmont. Her father, a distinguished officer, had died on the field of battle. She occupied with her mother a large and handsome house in the street in which I lived, on the same side, and a few doors distant. This mother, wise and prudent, obliged by circumstances to inhabit a city filled with young students from all parts, and having so charming a daughter, never suffered her a moment from her sight, either in or out of doors. But the good lady passionately loved company and cards; and to reconcile her tastes with her duties, she carried Amelia with her to all the assemblies of dowagers, professors' wives, canonesses, &c. &c. where the poor girl *ennuyed* herself to death with hemming or knitting beside her mother's card-table. But you ought to have been informed, that no student, indeed no man under fifty, was admitted. I had then but little chance of conveying my sentiments to Amelia. I am sure, however, that any other than myself would have discovered this chance, but I was a perfect novice in gallantry; and, until the moment when I imbibed this passion from Amelia's beautiful dark eyes, mine, having been always fixed upon volumes of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldaic, &c. &c. understood nothing at all of the language of the heart. It was at an old lady's, to whom I was introduced, that I became acquainted with Amelia; my destiny led me to her house on the evening of her assembly; she received me—I saw Mademoiselle de Belmont, and from that instant her image was engraven in lines of fire on my heart. The mother frowned at the sight

of a well-looking young man; but my timid, grave, and perhaps somewhat pedantic air, reassured her. There were a few other young persons—daughters and nieces of the lady of the mansion; it was summer—they obtained permission to walk in the garden, under the windows of the saloon, and the eyes of their mammas. I followed them; and, without daring to address a word to my fair one, caught each that fell from her lips.

“Her conversation appeared to me as charming as her person; she spoke on different subjects with intelligence above her years. In making some pleasant remarks on the defects of men in general, she observed, that ‘what she most dreaded was violence of temper.’ Naturally of a calm disposition, I was wishing to boast of it; but not having the courage, I at last entered into her idea, and said so much against passion, that I could not well be suspected of an inclination to it: I was recompensed by an approving smile; it emboldened me, and I began to talk much better than I thought myself capable of doing before so many handsome women; she appeared to listen with pleasure; but when they came to the chapter of fashions, I had no more to say—it was an unknown language; neither did she appear versed in it. Then succeeded observations on the flowers in the garden; I knew little more of this than of the fashions, but I might likewise have my particular taste; and to decide, I waited to learn that of Amelia: she declared for the *Rose*, and grew animated in the eulogy of her chosen flower. From that moment, it became for me the queen of flowers. ‘Amelia,’ said a pretty, little, laughing *Espiègle*, ‘how many of your favourites are condemned to death this winter?’ ‘Not one,’ replied she; ‘I renounce them—their education is too troublesome, and too ungrateful a task, and I begin to think I know nothing about it.’

“I assumed sufficient resolution to ask the explanation of this question and answer; she gave it to me: ‘You have just learned that I am passionately fond of *Roses*; it is an hereditary taste; my mother is still fonder of them than I am; since I was able to think of any thing, I have had the greatest wish to offer her a *Rose-tree* in blow (as a new year’s gift) the first of January; I have never succeeded. Every year I have put a quantity of rose-trees into vases; the greater number perished; and I have never been able to offer one rose to my mother.’ So little did I know of the culture of flowers, as to be perfectly ignorant that it was possible to have roses in winter; but from the moment I understood that it might be, without a miracle, and that incessant attention only was necessary, I promised myself, that this year the first of January should not pass without Amelia’s offering her mother a rose-tree in blow. We returned to the saloon—so close was I on the watch, that I heard her ask my name in

a whisper. Her companion answered, 'I know him only by reputation; they say he is an author; and so learned, that he is already a professor.' 'I should never have guessed it,' said Amelia; 'he seems neither vain nor pedantic.' How thankful was I for this reputation. Next morning I went to a gardener, and ordered fifty rose-trees of different months to be put in vases. 'It must be singular ill fortune,' thought I, 'if, among this number, one at least does not flower.' On leaving the gardener, I went to my bookseller's—purchased some works on flowers, and returned home full of hope. I intended to accompany my rose-tree with a fine letter, in which I should request to be permitted to visit Madame de Belmont, in order to teach her daughter the art of having roses in winter; the agreeable lesson, and the charming scholar, were to me much pleasanter themes than those of my philosophical lectures. I built on all this the prettiest romance possible; my milk pail had not yet got on so far as *Perrette's*; she held it on her head; and my rose was not yet transplanted into its vase; but I saw it all in blow. In the mean time, I was happy only in imagination; I no longer saw Amelia; they ceased to invite me to the dowager parties, and she was not allowed to mix in those of young people. I must then be restricted, until my introducer was in a state of presentation, to seeing her every evening pass by with her mother, as they went to their parties. Happily for me, Madame de Belmont was such a coward in a carriage, that she preferred walking when it was possible. I knew the hour at which they were in the habit of leaving home; I learned to distinguish the sound of the bell of their gate, from that of all the others of the quarter: my window on the ground floor was always open; at the moment I heard their gate unclose, I snatched up some volume, which was often turned upside down, stationed myself at the window, as if profoundly occupied with my study, and thus almost every day saw for an instant the lovely girl, and this instant was sufficient to attach me to her still more deeply. The elegant simplicity of her dress; her rich, dark hair wreathed round her head, and falling in ringlets on her forehead; her slight and graceful figure—her step at once light and commanding—the fairy foot that the care of guarding the snowy robe rendered visible, inflamed my admiration; while her dignified and composed manner, her attention to her mother, and the affability with which she saluted her inferiors, touched my heart yet more. I began too to fancy, that, limited as were my opportunities of attracting her notice, I was not entirely indifferent to her. For example, on leaving home, she usually crossed to the opposite side of the street; for had she passed close to my windows, she guessed, that, intently occupied as I chose to appear, I could not well raise my

eyes from my book; then as she came near my house, there was always something to say, in rather a louder tone, as 'Take care, mamma; lean heavier on me; do you feel cold?' I then raised my eyes, looked at her, saluted her, and generally encountered the transient glance of my divinity, who, with a blush, lowered her eyes, and returned my salute. The mother, all enveloped in cloaks and hoods, saw nothing. I saw every thing—and surrendered my heart. A slight circumstance augmented my hopes. I had published '*An Abridgment of Practical Philosophy.*' It was an extract from my course of lectures—was successful, and the edition was sold. My bookseller, aware that I had some copies remaining, came to beg one for a customer of his, who was extremely anxious to get it; and he named Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. I actually blushed with pleasure; to conceal my embarrassment, I laughingly inquired, what could a girl of her age want with so serious a work? 'To read it, sir,—doubtless;' replied the bookseller; 'Mademoiselle Amelia does not resemble the generality of young ladies; she prefers useful to amusing books.' He then mentioned the names of several that he had lately sent to her; and they gave me a high opinion of her taste. 'From her impatience for your book,' added he, 'I can answer for it, that it will be perused with great pleasure: more than ten messages have been sent; at last, I promised it for to-morrow, and I beg of you to enable me to keep my word.' I thrilled with joy, as I gave him the volumes, at the idea that Amelia would read and approve of my sentiments, and that she would learn to know me.

"October arrived, and with it my fifty vases of rose-trees; for which, of course, they made me pay what they chose; and I was as delighted to count them in my room, as a miser would his sacks of gold. They all looked rather languishing, but then it was because they had not yet reconciled themselves to the new earth. I read all that was ever written on the culture of roses, with much more attention than I had formerly read my old philosophers; and I ended as wise as I began. I perceived that this science, like all others, has no fixed rules, and that each vaunts his system, and believes it the best. One of my gardener authors would have the rose-trees as much as possible in the open air; another recommended their being kept close shut up; one ordered constant watering; another absolutely forbade it. 'It is thus with the education of man,' said I, closing the volumes in vexation. 'Always in extremes—always for exclusive systems—let us try the medium between these opposite opinions.' I established a good thermometer in my room; and, according to its indications, I put them outside the windows, or took them in: you may guess that fifty vases, to

which I gave this exercise three or four times a day, according to the variations of the atmosphere, did not leave me much idle time; and this was the occupation of a professor of philosophy! Ah! well might they have taken his chair from him, and sent him back to school; to school, a thousand times more childish than the youngest of those pupils to whom I hurried over the customary routine of philosophical lessons: my whole mind was fixed on Amelia and my rose-trees.

“The death of the greater number of my *élèves*, however, soon lightened my labour; more than half of them never struck root. I flung them into the fire: a fourth part of those that remained, after unfolding some little leaves, stopped there. Several assumed a blackish yellow tint, and gave me hope of beautifying; some flourished surprisingly, but only in leaves; others, to my great joy, were covered with buds; but in a few days they always got that little yellow circle which the gardeners call the collar, and which is to them a mortal malady—their stalks twisted—they drooped—and finally fell, one after the other, to the earth—not a single bud remaining on my poor trees. Thus withered my hopes; and the more care I took of my invalids—the more I hawked them from window to window, the worse they grew. At last, one of them, and but one, promised to reward my trouble—thickly covered with leaves, it formed a handsome bush, from the middle of which sprang out a fine, vigorous branch, crowned with six beautiful buds that got no collar—grew, enlarged, and even discovered, through their calices, a slight rose tint. There were still six long weeks before the new year; and, certainly, four, at least, of my precious buds would be blown by that time. Behold me now recompensed for all my pains; hope re-entered my heart, and every moment I looked on my beauteous introducer with complacency.

“On the 27th of November, a day which I can never forget, the sun rose in all its brilliance; I thanked Heaven, and hastened to place my rose-tree, and such of its companions as yet survived, on a peristyle in the court. (I have already mentioned that I lodged on the ground floor.) I watered them, and went, as usual, to give my philosophical lecture. I then dined—drank to the health of my rose; and returned to take my station in my window, with a quicker throbbing of the heart.

“Amelia’s mother had been slightly indisposed; for eight days she had not left the house, and consequently I had not seen my fair one. On the first morning I had observed the physician going in; uneasy for her, I contrived to cross his way, questioned him, and was comforted. I afterwards learned that the old lady had recovered, and was to make her appearance abroad on this day at a grand gala given by a Baroness,

who lived at the end of the street. I was then certain to see Amelia pass by, and eight days of privation had enhanced that thought; I am sure Madame de Belmont did not look to this party with as much impatience as I did. She was always one of the first: it had scarcely struck five, when I heard the bell of her gate. I took up a book,—there was I at my post, and presently I saw Amelia appear, dazzling with dress and beauty, as she gave her arm to her mother; never yet had the brilliancy of her figure so struck me: this time there was no occasion for her to speak to catch my eyes; they were fixed on her, but hers were bent down; however, she guessed that I was there, for she passed slowly to prolong my happiness. I followed her with my gaze, until she entered the house; then only she turned her head for a second; the door was shut, and she disappeared, but remained present to my heart. I could neither close my window, nor cease to look at the Baroness's hotel, as if I could see Amelia through the walls; I remained there till all objects were fading into obscurity—the approach of night, and the frostiness of the air, brought to my recollection that the rose-tree was still on the peristyle: never had it been so precious to me; I hastened to it; and scarcely was I in the anti-chamber, when I heard a singular noise, like that of an animal browsing, and tinkling its bells. I trembled, I flew, and I had the grief to find a sheep quietly fixed beside my rose trees, of which it was making its evening repast with no slight avidity.

“I caught up the first thing in my way; it was a heavy cane: I wished to drive away the glutinous beast; alas! it was too late; he had just bitten off the beautiful branch of buds; he swallowed them one after another; and, in spite of the gloom, I could see, half out of his mouth, the finest of them all, which in a moment was champed like the rest. I was neither ill-tempered nor violent; but at this sight I was no longer master of myself. Without well knowing what I did, I discharged a blow of my cane on the animal, and stretched it at my feet. No sooner did I perceive it motionless, than I repented of having killed a creature unconscious of the mischief it had done; was this worthy of the professor of philosophy, the adorer of the gentle Amelia? But thus to eat up my rose-tree, my only hope to get admittance to her! When I thought on its annihilation, I could not consider myself so culpable. However, the night darkened; I heard the old servant crossing the lower passage, and I called her. ‘Catherine,’ said I, ‘bring your light; there is mischief here, you left the stable door open, (that of the court was also unclosed,) one of your sheep has been browsing on my rose-trees, and I have punished it.’

“She soon came in with the lantern in her hand. ‘It is not

one of our sheep' said she; 'I have just come from them, the stable gate is shut, and they are all within. Oh, blessed saints! blessed saints! What do I see!'—exclaimed she when near,—'it is the pet sheep of our neighbour Mademoiselle Amelia de Belmont. Poor Robin! what bad luck brought you here! Oh! how sorry she will be.' I nearly dropped down beside Robin. 'Of Mademoiselle Amelia?' said I, in a trembling voice, 'has she actually a sheep?' 'Oh! good Lord! no, she has none at this moment—but that which lies there with its four legs up in the air: she loved it as herself; see the collar that she worked for it with her own hands.' I bent to look at it. It was of red leather, ornamented with little bells, and she had embroidered on it in gold thread—'Robin belongs to Amelia de Belmont; she loves him, and begs that he may be restored to her.' 'What will she think of the barbarian who killed him in a fit of passion; the vice that she most detests: she is right, it has been fatal to her. Yet if he should be only stunned by the blow: Catherine! run, ask for some æther, or *Eau de Vie*, or harts-horn,—run, Catherine, run.'

"Catherine set off: I tried to make it open its mouth; my rose-bud was still between its hermetically-sealed teeth; perhaps the collar pressed it; in fact the throat was swelled. I got it off with difficulty; something fell from it at my feet, which I mechanically took up and put into my pocket without looking at, so much was I absorbed in anxiety for the resuscitation. I rubbed him with all my strength; I grew more and more impatient for the return of Catherine. She came with a small phial in her hand, calling out in her usual manner, 'Here, sir, here's the medicine. I never opened my mouth about it to Mademoiselle Amelia; I pity her enough without that.'

"'What is all this, Catherine? where have you seen Mademoiselle Amelia? and what is her affliction, if she does not know of her favourite's death?' 'Oh, sir, this is a terrible day for the poor young lady. She was at the end of the street searching for a ring which she had lost, and it was no trifle, but the ring that her dead father had got as a present from the Emperor, and worth, they say, more ducats than I have hairs on my head. Her mother lent it to her to-day for the party; she has lost it, she knows neither how nor where, and never missed it till she drew off her glove at supper. And, poor soul! the glove was on again in a minute, for fear it should be seen that the ring was wanting, and she slipped out to search for it all along the street, but she has found nothing.'

"It struck me, that the substance that had fallen from the sheep's collar had the form of a ring—could it possibly be! I looked at it; and, judge of my joy, it was Madame de Belmont's ring, and really very beautiful and costly. A secret pre-

sentiment whispered to me that this was a better means of presentation than the rose-tree. I pressed the precious ring to my heart, and to my lips; assured myself that the sheep was really dead; and, leaving him stretched near the devastated rose-trees, I ran into the street, dismissed those who were seeking in vain, and stationed myself at my door to await the return of my neighbours. I saw from a distance the flambeau that preceded them, quickly distinguished their voices, and comprehended by them, that Amelia had confessed her misfortune. The mother scolded bitterly; the daughter wept, and said, 'Perhaps it may be found.' 'Oh yes, perhaps'—replied the mother with irritation, 'it is too rich a prize to him who finds it; the Emperor gave it to your deceased father on the field when he saved his life; he set more value on it than on all that he possessed besides, and now you have thus flung it away; but the fault is mine for having trusted you with it. For some time back you have seemed quite bewildered.' I heard all this as I followed at some paces behind them; they reached home, and I had the cruelty to prolong, for some moments more, Amelia's mortification. I intended that the treasure should procure me the *entrée* of their dwelling, and I waited till they had got up stairs. I then had myself announced as the bearer of good news; I was introduced, and respectfully presented the ring to Madame de Belmont; and how delighted seemed Amelia! and how beautifully she brightened in her joy, not alone that the ring was found, but that I was the finder. She cast herself on her mother's bosom, and turning on me her eyes, humid with tears, though beaming with pleasure, she clasped her hands, exclaiming, 'Oh, sir, what obligation, what gratitude do we not owe to you!'

"Ah, Mademoiselle!" returned I, 'you know not to whom you address the term gratitude.' 'To one who has conferred on me a great pleasure,' said she. 'To one who has caused you a serious pain, to the killer of Robin.'

"You, sir?—I cannot credit it—why should you do so? you are not so cruel."

"No, but I am so unfortunate. It was in opening his collar, which I have also brought to you, that your ring fell on the ground—you promised a great recompense to him who should find it. I dare to solicit that recompense; grant me my pardon for Robin's death."

"And I, sir, I thank you for it," exclaimed the mother: 'I never could endure that animal; it took up Amelia's entire time, and wearied me out of all patience with its bleating; if you had not killed it, Heaven knows where it might have carried my diamond. But how did it get entangled in the collar? Amelia, pray explain all this.'

"Amelia's heart was agitated; she was as much grieved that

it was I who had killed Robin, as that he was dead.—‘Poor Robin,’ said she, drying a tear, ‘he was rather too fond of running out; before leaving home I had put on his collar, that he might not be lost—he had always been brought back to me. The ring must have slipped under his collar. I hastily drew on my glove, and never missed it till I was at supper.’

“‘What good luck it was that he went straight to this gentleman’s,’ observed the mother.

“‘Yes—for you,’ said Amelia; ‘he was cruelly received—was it such a crime, sir, to enter your door?’

“‘It was night,’ I replied; ‘I could not distinguish the collar, and I learned, when too late, that the animal belonged to you.’

“‘Thank heaven, then, you did not know it?’ cried the mother, ‘or where would have been my ring?’

“‘It is necessary at least,’ said Amelia, with emotion, ‘that I should learn how my favourite could have so cruelly chagrined you.’

“‘Oh, Mademoiselle, he had devoured my hope, my happiness, a superb rose-tree about to blow, that I had been long watching, and intended to present to—to—a person on New Year’s Day.’ Amelia smiled, blushed, extended her lovely hand towards me, and murmured—‘All is pardoned.’ ‘If it had eaten up a rose-tree about to blow,’ cried out Madame de Belmont, ‘it deserved a thousand deaths. I would give twenty sheep for a rose-tree in blow.’ ‘And I am much mistaken,’ said Amelia, with the sweetest naïveté, ‘if this very rose-tree was not intended for you.’ ‘For me? you have lost your senses, child; I have not the honour of knowing the gentleman.’ ‘But he knows your fondness for roses; I mentioned it one day before him, the only time I ever met him, at Madame de S.’s. Is it not true, sir, that my unfortunate favourite had eaten up my mother’s rose-tree?’ I acknowledged it, and I related the course of education of my fifty rose-trees.

“Madame de Belmont laughed heartily, and said, ‘she owed me a double obligation.’ ‘Mademoiselle Amelia has given me my recompense for the diamond,’ said I to her; ‘I claim yours also, madam.’ ‘Ask, sir,—’ ‘Permission to pay my respects sometimes to you!’ ‘Granted,’ replied she, gaily; I kissed her hand respectfully, that of her daughter tenderly, and withdrew. But I returned the next day—and every day—I was received with a kindness that each visit increased—I was looked on as one of the family. It was I who now gave my arm to Madame de Belmont to conduct her to the evening parties; she presented me as her friend, and they were no longer dull to her daughter. New Year’s Day arrived. I had gone the evening before to a sheepfold in the vicinity to purchase a

lamb similar to that I had killed. I collected from the different hot-houses all the flowering rose-trees I could find; the finest of them was for Madame de Belmont; and the roses of the others were wreathed in a garland round the fleecy neck of the lamb. In the evening I went to my neighbours, with my presents. 'Robin and the rose-trees are restored to life,' said I, in offering my homage, which was received with sensibility and gratefulness. 'I also should like to give you a New Year's gift,' said Madame de Belmont to me, 'if I but knew what you would best like.' 'What I best like—ah, if I only dared to tell you.' 'If it should chance now to be my daughter—' I fell at her feet, and so did Amelia. 'Well,' said the kind parent, 'there then are your New Year's gifts ready found; Amelia gives you her heart, and I give you her hand.' She took the rose wreath from off the lamb, and twined it round our united hands. And my Amelia," continued the old professor, as he finished his anecdote, passing an arm round his companion as she sat beside him, "my Amelia is still to my eyes as beautiful, and to my heart as dear, as on the day when our hands were bound together with a chain of flowers."

Miserable state of the Female Sex, among Pagan, Mahometan, and Uncivilized Nations.

BY THE ABBE GREGOIRE, FORMERLY BISHOP OF BLOIS.

Among uncivilized nations there are too few moral relations between the sexes to counterbalance the superior physical strength of the one; but when the other can compensate for its inferiority in this particular by the charms of virtue and by the qualities of the head and heart, its empire softens the manners, and man, in loving his wife, accustoms himself to respect his equal. In general, the respect paid to the sex may be taken as the ratio of the progress of a nation in social life; but the development of the moral faculties of women, and the ascendancy which it gives them, are commonly the effect of legislation, but more especially of religion and public opinion, which are frequently more powerful and more durable than the laws themselves.

By some of the nations of antiquity the sex was held in high estimation. Such were the Egyptians, the Gauls, and the Germans. The latter, according to Tacitus, believed that in women there was something divine. M. Graberg is of opinion, that the European ladies are indebted for their influence to this politeness of the ancient Germans; and Guingéné, author of the "Literary History of Italy," ascribes modern civilization to the barbarians of the north, and particularly to the Goths, by whom women were almost deified. These assertions, however, are not only exaggerated, but susceptible of contradiction, even

admitting what history has handed down to us concerning the respect paid by the Germans to their women.

Those of the Gauls enjoyed extraordinary consideration from the time when, interposing their mediation during a civil war, they discussed the respective interests, of the states of Gaul, and fixed the rights of each with such judgment, as to put an end to their disputes. Such was probably the origin in that country of a senate composed of women, a political institution of which no example is to be found in any other. In a treaty between the Carthaginians and the Cisalpine Gauls, it was stipulated, that, if the latter had to complain of any infractions, they should address them to the government established in Spain by the senate of Carthage; and if the Carthaginians had any complaints to make, they should be submitted to the council of Gallic females.

But if some of the nations of antiquity manifested great respect for women, by how many others, not excepting the Israelites, were they treated with too little! If we turn to the prophet Malachi, we shall find that so early as his time they merited this reproach; which proves moreover that their conduct on this head was opposite to the spirit of the Mosaic law. Cardoso assures us, that they paid the sex great respect: but how is this assertion to be reconciled with the notion of Philo, who considered woman as an imperfection of nature; with the childish stories of the Rabbis, concerning the embarrassment of the Almighty how to create the first woman; with the daily thanksgiving of the Jews: "Blessed be thou, O Creator of the heavens and the earth, because thou hast not made me a woman;" and with that of the despised female, who says with resignation: "Blessed be thou, for having formed me according to thy good pleasure!"

In Greece, if we except Lacedæmon, the women were not considered as forming part of the people: in this point of view they were on the same footing with the slaves; and the education of girls was extremely neglected.

Among the Athenians, beauty, wit, and the graces, possessed a baneful influence, as in every country where politeness is combined with looseness of manners. The homage and applause lavished on Aspasia and other women, both celebrated and obscure, being neither inspired by, nor addressed to, virtue, cannot authorize the conclusion, that the sex enjoyed any marked consideration in the Athenian state. Custom and the laws seem indeed to prove the contrary: the former, because women were bought and sold; the latter, because at Athens they forbade women to make any bargain to an amount exceeding the price of a measure of barley.

None of the philosophic systems of the Greeks raised women to the rank which is assigned to them by Christianity. Who

can read without feelings of indignation, even in Aristotle, the prince of ancient philosophers, that the female sex is a species of monster, an incipient degeneration?

The Roman matrons were honoured so long as austerity of manners upheld the republic. A statue was even erected to Tanaquilla, the wife of Tarquin the elder, representing her holding the distaff. Wine was so strictly forbidden them, that the violation of this prohibition was deemed as criminal as adultery. Valerius Maximus assigns as a reason for this law, that drunkenness borders on lewdness. Fabius Pictor, Pliny the elder, and Tertullian relate, that a woman, having taken the keys of the cellar, was starved to death by her family. The severity of the punishment was nevertheless, inadequate to suppress this passion if, as another author asserts, they drank at the cask itself.

In the *Memoirs of the French Academy of Inscriptions*, Bonamy has adduced abundance of proofs, that the Roman women were treated nearly like slaves. The Voconian law forbade any citizen to constitute his wife, or even an only daughter, his heir. It is painful to find that Montesquieu has undertaken the vindication of such a law; but his very admissions carry with them their own confutation, for when he declares that it is hostile to the feelings of nature, he himself passes unintentionally the severest censure on a law, than which, says St. Augustine, nothing more unjust can be conceived, and which was abolished by the Christian emperors.

Women have been degraded in all those countries where incestuous connexions were authorized or tolerated, as in Persia—

In those where a vice still more revolting to nature prevailed, and was approved of even by philosophers, as in Greece—

In those where custom sanctioned the lending of wives like a piece of household furniture. Thus Socrates lent his wife to Alcibiades, and Cato afforded the same accommodation to Hortensius; and yet these are the sages whom infidelity has so highly extolled. Among the Romans it was the custom, that if the wife who had been lent in this manner was not reclaimed by her husband within the year, the borrower might refuse to return her, on the ground of prescriptive right—

In those where obscenity and licentiousness are integral parts of religion. Many of the temples of the ancients were haunts of immorality. This practice still subsists in the East Indies, where great numbers of females are attached to the service of the temples of the Gods, whose worship is constitutionally impure—

In those where the facility of divorce and polygamy degrades this half of the species into mere ministers to the pleasures of the other half, as among the Mahometans and Hindoos; so

that by their looks alone they may easily be distinguished from Christian women. The Hindoo code contains many regulations tending to disparage and to oppress the sex : it places women on a level with minors and slaves, and declares that no reliance is to be placed on their chastity ; and that if a woman is ever left to be her own mistress, she is sure to conduct herself ill. Her evidence is not admitted in cases of murder, robbery, or adultery. She is expelled from her home if she eats before her husband ; and must therefore be content with his leavings. In many cases, punishments abhorrent to humanity are inflicted on guilty females, such as, drowning, and causing them to be worried and devoured by dogs.

The historians of the middle ages agree in stating, that among the ancient Slavonians, widows burned themselves on the pile erected to consume the bodies of their husbands ; and that any woman who should have refused to comply with this custom, would have brought disgrace on her family. This barbarous practice was abolished by Christianity, which is at present exerting its influence for its abolition in India, where idolatry, says Carey, kills greater numbers than the sword. Many perish by throwing themselves under the wheels of the enormous chariot on which the gigantic idol of Juggernaut is drawn. In six months of the year 1804, one hundred and fifteen widows were burned with the remains of their husbands, within thirty miles round Calcutta. The number of women who annually perish in this manner is estimated at ten thousand. This species of fanaticism maintains its ground, in spite of all the efforts of the English for its abolition. In regard to another equally inhuman practice they have been more successful.

It was discovered in 1789, that the Rajekomars, who reside in the district of Juanpore, near the country of Oude, were accustomed to put to death their female children immediately after their birth, and that they were in consequence obliged to seek wives among the Rajpoots. The tribe of the Jarejah, in Guzerat, followed the same practice till 1807, up to which time it was calculated, that they destroyed about three thousand female infants every year. The antiquity of this custom, which is supposed by the Rev. Dr. Buchanan to have existed above two thousand years, and the alleged inferiority of the female sex, served as pretexts for persevering in it. These atrocities are perpetrated among people who seem to have abjured all humanity towards rational creatures, and to have reserved the exclusive exercise of it in behalf of brutes. Before we quit India, we must observe, that if a woman happens to be the first object met by a person after leaving his house in a morning, she is an omen of ill luck. In China, where civilization is said to have made such progress, Lord Macartney saw women harnessed to the plough.

The degradation of women is sanctioned among many idolatrous nations, either by religion, especially in the countries professing Shamanism, or by the laws, as among the Kirghises, who, valuing the life of a man at a certain price, punish murder by a fine; but only half the sum is required for the murder of a woman or a slave, or to indemnify a female for the loss of her honour.

Among the savage nations, the condition of the sex is still more deplorable. All navigators and travellers agree in this statement, but Dampier, Gumilla, and Forster may be particularly referred to. The latter remarks, that in New Zealand boys are taught from infancy to despise their mothers. At Nukahiva, in time of famine, the men kill and eat their wives and children.

The testimony of other travellers might be adduced, if necessary, to heighten the colouring of the horrid picture sketched in the work of Captains Lewis and Clark who, in their expedition to explore the sources of the Missouri, visited a great number of previously unknown tribes. We there find that among those savages conjugal fidelity and chastity are violated without scruple. Women being property which may be lent, given, or maltreated, are frequently obliged to follow on foot their husbands who are mounted on horseback.

Lady M. W. Montagu asserts that Europeans entertain false notions of the confinement of Mahometan women. Thornton and Mirza Abu Taleb are of the same way of thinking: but the enumeration of the advantages attributed by the latter to the women of his country seems but ill calculated to support his assertion, and to convince our European females. Is it to be believed, that women are deemed equal to men in a country where the law authorizes their being let out to hire, and where the testimony of four women is not of equal weight with that of two men? The Musulmans can scarcely conceive it possible that any one can feel respect for beings, whom their opinion never raises above contempt. The veracity of the lively and highly gifted Lady Montagu, who professed to envy the Turkish women the felicity of vegetating in a harem, may very justly be questioned. A more recent witness, Mrs. Tully, in the entertaining account of her ten year's residence at Tripoli, assures us, that the Moorish ladies frequently expressed their regret at being deprived of that liberty which they saw Christian females enjoy.

The picture here presented is useful, nay perhaps necessary, for the purpose of showing the more clearly by contrast, as will be done in another article, the influence of Christianity on the condition of the sex—an influence which is durable, because it results from its doctrine. We are nevertheless told of a tribe

among which Christianity is still struggling against rude and semi-barbarous manners, and which keeps this half of the species in a state of degradation. When the Morlachians make mention of a woman, they use an expression employed in other countries when speaking of the most disgusting objects—*saving your presence*. The Abbé Fortis, who communicates this observation, is of opinion, that the filthiness of the Morlachian women is at once both the cause and effect of the humiliating manner in which they are treated by their husbands and relatives.

No one can be a judge in his own cause. This maxim was a principle of reason before it became an axiom of jurisprudence. Experience proves, that the individual who is both judge and a party in the cause, generally inclines the balance in his own favour. So it has fared too in regard to women. The men have made a very unequal division in all the countries where physical force is not counterbalanced by a moral force. To furnish this counterpoise, the interference of a more than human authority was required.

Variety.

SEATS OF LEARNING.

During the last Irish rebellion of Wexford, it frequently happened that the rebel peasantry were totally unprovided with the commonest articles of military stores; saddles were at one time not to be found among them; a rude and amusing ingenuity, however, supplied a substitute. In the indiscriminating havoc of plunder, libraries, of which, like the Goths of old, they knew not the use, supplied them with military equipments. Valuable folios and quartos were opened midway, and placed with the leaves downwards on the horses' backs, a blanket was thrown over the whole, tied firmly down with ropes.

THE DAYS OF GOOD QUEEN BESS.

The Bishop of Ely having declined giving up to Sir Christopher Hatton, the garden and orchard of Ely House, near Holborn, Queen Elizabeth wrote to him the following sprightly note:—"Proud Prelate, I understand you are backward in complying with your agreement; but I would have you to know, that I, who made you what you are, can unmake you; and if you do not forthwith fulfil your engagement, by G—I will immediately unfrock you.

"Yours, as you demean yourself,
"ELIZABETH."